

THE HOME ENTERTAINER.

A New Social Want Bright Women are Supplying.

Two advertisements in The Sun the other day shed light on an odd phase of city life. They gave a glimpse of a method of earning a living which doubtless strikes the needy women of America with surprise.

The first of these advertisements announced that a woman with a well-developed voice and an extensive knowledge of music would sing at private houses to invalids at a small charge per hour, at any time during the week. The other advertisement put forth to the world the fact that a "home-like woman," who was accustomed to the society of people of nervous temperament, or ladies in ill health, would call every day upon such patients and amuse them for an hour or more while they were ill.

The writer called upon both of these advertisers. One of them proved to be a showy and handsome woman, wearing a quantity of diamonds, admirably dressed and quartered luxuriously in Madison avenue. The surroundings seemed impossible that the occupant of the suite of rooms could be in search of such employment as that indicated. She was a woman of perhaps thirty years, with heavily-lidded eyes, a handsome face, an erect figure. Her house-gown was a sort of negligee with a long train, and she spoke with the air of a woman who is accustomed to society.

"My income," she said, "is ample enough now, I am glad to say. But after my husband's death, six years ago, I was in needy circumstances for a long while, until I hit upon my present plan for making a living. I could not be an actress, as my voice is not strong enough for the stage, but I have always been credited with having some social graces, and I have had considerable experience in the world. I knew that every night in the week, all over the big city of New York, thousands of grocers, plumbers and people of that sort, who had good incomes and high social aspirations, were giving parties to their friends, and making other efforts to obtain a little foothold socially. I was sure that these people would welcome any assistance that they could obtain. Their girls would need a little tutoring, and very often their wives were deficient in the first rudiments of hospitality. My own grocer, with whom I have been acquainted in times of prosperity, endorsed my scheme, and when his wife gave a party to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her oldest daughter, I went there as a friend of the family, wearing an elaborate evening costume, led the dance, introduced the awkward young men to the beautiful girls, recited once or twice in the course of the evening, played on the piano, and sang two or three songs. In other words, I succeeded in breaking down the barrier of embarrassment and reserve which almost always characterizes the entertainments of people of this particular grade, and worked indefatigably to make the party a success. I am delighted to say that I met with full approval and thanks of my grocer, and received from him a check for \$15 the following day.

"From that beginning, I built up an extensive connection in this particular way. I have no settled charges, but I am quite a well paid, I fancy, as most of the other professional entertainers, though some of them claim a higher social field. I have been singing to delicate ladies who were entirely my own, though I believe it has been copied in one or two instances by imitators of mine. There are in this city very many women who live in boarding houses or flats, and are alone during the greater part of the day, when their husbands are down town grinding out the dollars. A majority of these women have few or no acquaintances in town. They have come from the West or South, are often recently married, and the greatest burden that the woman has to bear is the intolerable one of loneliness. For a dollar a visit, I bustle into such a place, sit down beside the bed of the invalid, sing and talk to her, tell her all I can of the outside world, and bring as much of a new and novel element into her life as possible. This is neither difficult nor laborious, for I am constantly asked, walk a great deal and make it a point to observe the things that will interest women, particularly in dress and fashions. I am delighted to say that my list of patrons of this sort is growing constantly, and I have many letters of recommendation. It is a good scheme, don't you think so? Men have no idea what shifts women are put to for a living when thrown suddenly upon their own resources, and I shall even be thankful that my native ingenuity has enabled me to solve the problem for myself. It seems to me that I must grow more valuable, too, as my years increase, for I am constantly adding to my fund of knowledge and anecdote. This is a great source of satisfaction to me, for one cannot help times worrying over the future."

She smiled amiably, and before the writer left handed him a few of her cards, upon which the details of her profession are printed in small type. The other advertiser proved an entirely opposite type. She was not so self-assertive at all, but seemed to be devoutly thankful for her good fortune. She had six apartments on Twenty-third street on the top floor of a building that is used mainly by business men. The rooms were pretty but not expensively furnished; there was a lamp smoldering over an alcohol lamp, no end of tables and prettily worked mottoes decorated the furniture and walls, and the whole place was about as comfortable as a winter's day. The advertiser was a quiet little girl of brown cloth, with a white kerchief folded

across her bosom. Her hair was put back neatly, and she was an exceedingly tidy and prim little person. Her age was perhaps 40, and her face kindly.

"I am a gossip, I suppose she said, with a deprecating smile, 'but I gossip for money and not with the idea of ruining people's characters. I have been quite alone after a series of domestic misfortunes, had tried typewriting and sewing, and was at my wits' end to know what to do for a living, when I hit upon the plan of selling whatever social accomplishments I might possess for the good of the ill and lonely women of New York. I had been accustomed for a year or so to spend every Sunday night with some dear old friends of the family in Thirty-eighth street. They were people of moderate means and old-fashioned ways, and after dinner, they used to sit down in their comfortable rocking chairs and have me sing the old-time ballads to them for an hour or so before bed time. It was the only home life I knew in the big and bustling town, and I enjoyed the Sunday evenings immensely. One day, the head of the little household of three, a retired sea captain, asked me why I did not regularly go and sing to people for money. He announced that he was going to pay me \$2 every Sunday night thereafter, and although the idea was obnoxious to me at first, I became accustomed to it, and \$2 was a very great fortune to me at that time. They introduced me around, and in a short time I had four places at which to call every week, and I went to the invalids or sing to the old people in the evening. I know all the songs that were popular fifty years ago, and the old folks enjoyed them more than you can possibly think. 'Then my nephew, who is a clerk in one of the biggest hotels in town, has managed to send me a great many ladies who were ill and lonely, and who liked to visit my place here and get a cup of tea.'"

"My experience in this business, by the way, has brought to my notice one of the greatest evils in the whole world—and that is the cruelty and inhumanity of the average American business man. Merchants, commercial travelers, buyers, Western sheepskinners, professional men indeed, the great body of the visitors to New York from the outlying country bring their wives with them when they make their regular visits to town, shut the poor ladies up in some big hotel, and go off and enjoy themselves to their full heart's content. They do not think of the night as being abroad again, and at night are abroad again. The wives are usually lonely, timid people, unaccustomed to the life of a big hotel, and frightened by the noise and bustle of the metropolis. They are alone all day long, and in a majority of cases, during the long evenings, while their husbands are enjoying themselves abroad. If the woman is a bit diffident or resentful, she falls in with one of the horrible nannies who hang about the hotels, and there is nothing left for her but misery and trouble thereafter. If she is ill, as is very often the case, for many bring their wives to New York by way of giving them a change for their health, she simply mopes around the hotel and sighs for her home. In such cases I act as her companion, and my charges are \$1 an hour."

Fish Cakes and Jelly.

BY ROMELLER CLAPP.

What I never ate currant jelly with my fish cakes! Really you are to be pitied. Where did I learn? Well, gossips though you may think it, there's a bit of romance connected with my first introduction to this "bonne-bouche." Sit down in that easy chair a minute, Tom, and let me tell you about it.

It was during our college vacation. I, with five of the other fellows, had been on a rough and tiring camping expedition in the Adirondacks. We hired an Indian guide; not to be sure, the Indian of our youthful imaginations, bristling with poisoned arrows and brilliant with warpaint, and adorned with pendent scalp; these are only to be found in school and story books. Our Indian was a quiet middle-aged man, in blue army pantaloons and a gray sack coat, but his long, straight, black hair, his eagle eye, his wonderful skill with bow and arrow, and his perfect knowledge of the woods, answered our purpose far better than the wildest of war dances. He furnished the canoes, and we the provisions, and for three weeks we have been having a glorious time.

We were pushing through to reach Lake George, tramping the woods and rowing the lakes, when I began to feel very ill. I could scarcely hold up my head, yet I hated to tell the boys and interfere with their programme; but when at noon we came upon two little white cottages on the edge of a miniature lake, I pleaded weariness, and announced my determination to stop over a day or two to rest, promising to meet them farther on, and despite the remonstrances of all the party, I knocked at the door of one of the houses, and inquired if I could be accommodated over night. The broad-shouldered, kind-looking woman who answered my summons, seemed somewhat taken by surprise at my fund of knowledge and anecdote. This is a great source of satisfaction to me, for one cannot help times worrying over the future."

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dinner, but the smell of corned beef and cabbage, which she brought with her, sickened me. I declined the dinner, but begged for some water, which she brought in an old tin cup, and then ran away as if she was frightened.

It was nearly dark when the farmer came in to see me. Setting the kerosene lamp which he had brought with him, down on the washstand, he looked intently into my face for a moment or two then putting his head out of the door, he called loudly for his wife. "See here, Liz," said he, as she appeared, "this young fellow is pooty sick. 'I believe it,' said she, laying her hand on my head. 'Why he's as hot as tecton.' 'I guess, mother,' said the good man, 'you'd best give some of your yarb tea, and put a hot flat to his feet.' So they took off my clothes, and as the boys farmer prayed me in one of his own clean, brown shirts. After the bed had been smoothed, and I had swallowed a bowl of Mrs. Wilson's hot, bitter, honest tea, I felt more comfortable, but the smell of the fried pork they had for supper, the chatter of the children, the drawing voices of the rough but kind farm hands, and the flicker of the smoky kerosene lamp, made the hours creep very slowly away.

The next morning, the farmer and his wife held a troubled council over me. "This boy's gone to hev a spell of fever Lize," and you and me ain't got no time to take keer on him. I'll tell you what I'll do, there is some city people over to Crosby's; they ain't nothin' on earth to do, they kin come over here and see to him as well as not." I had some sense of a rebellious feeling against seeing the "city folks," but I soon forgot it in my restless dreams of home, and from which I was aroused by the cool touch of a soft hand; and I looked up into the eyes of a sweet-faced woman in a widow's cap. "Poor boy," said she "how feverish he is, and how tangled his hair; we must make him comfortable at once. Julia, dear, go and see if you cannot find me some warm water." Soon Julia returned, and as sick as I was, I noticed that she was pretty and bright, with large dark expressive eyes, which were so soft and sympathizing, and the manners of both of the ladies so gentle and refined, that I felt quite resigned to let them care for me. I had neither mother nor sister, and I accepted them at once as such.

They removed my bed into the parlor, darkened the windows in some mysterious manner, stilled the children, and stopped the other noises. Many days passed, and I was helpless, and delirious at times—but at last, the fever left me, and I began to sit up and to have a capricious appetite, which my new friends tempted with every possible delicacy. Julia and her mother were equally kind to me, and both understood well the mysteries of the culinary art, which is an admirable accomplishment for a woman.

Somehow, when Julia stood before me, holding the little tray, upon which she had placed some delicacy prepared for me by her own hands, my heart was filled with gratitude, and I experienced a measure of happiness such as I never before believed that respectable virtue capable of producing.

One day, Julia had been in and out all the morning, and I, consequently, had been in alternating states of bliss and despair—such was my sense of obligation to her, that I was miserable when she was not near, that I might express it to her. At last she came in, with my dinner. Three delicious fish cakes lay upon a hot plate, not the greatest delicacy, but the fish balls of the college boarding house, but of a beautiful golden brown, a plate of delicate cream toast, and a small form of currant jelly. It was a meal fit for the gods. The fish cakes were light and creamy in the centre, not rank with cod fish, but deliciously seasoned with it. I rather wondered at the currant jelly, though I enjoyed it; it rather struck me in contrast with the snowy napkin, seemed so out of place, but when I tasted it, I found it was a delicious combination. The fish cakes fairly melted in my mouth, the flavor of the fish was so admirably offset by the acid and the sweet of the currant jelly that I could not have been more satisfied if imported direct from Mount Olympus.

"Now," said Julia, when I had dined, "we must have you out on the piazza. The old Adirondacks are looking their best, and the shadows on this baby-lake are glorious." So they arrayed me in a gay, flowered, striped dressing gown, and with a striped bed quilt over my shoulders, I tottered on my long legs, supported by my kind friends to the chair they had prepared for me on the porch. I was conscious of presenting an extended and exceedingly ridiculous appearance, but I was too weak to laugh, and they too well bred and polite, but if the boys could only have seen them then, there would have been no end of comic sketches and the mountain in the distance piled up, one above the other, touched into gold by the light of the setting sun, and then again softened almost into transparency by the shifting clouds of the hazy atmosphere, to me they seemed the Delectable Mountains in the Land of Beulah.

On these delightful convalescent days I will not dwell. I found my friends were residents of the same city with myself, and we had many mutual acquaintances. We can easily guess the rest. I left college and commenced business for myself. We have built our summer cottage on the edge of the little lake we love so well, and every Sunday morning we have cod fish cakes and currant jelly for breakfast.

You are laughing, Tom, at my long story, and my enthusiasm. Don't say a word, come up and make us a visit. Julia has a lovely sister. She shall make the fish cakes, and you shall judge for yourself.

Moulting of Fowls.

The moulting season is upon us, and if care and attention be given to hens now, especially pure bred ones, the time may be materially shortened and the beauty of the plumage enhanced. Corn should be excluded from the diet of all Asiatic breeds, especially Brahmas, bulky food being substituted. If the fowls have free range they can obtain for themselves such things as they require; if kept in confinement, green food must be given them. It is useless to give them a quantity of unchopped weeds, but with a large pair of shears (if nothing more convenient is at hand) the weeds can be clipped into small pieces, and the hens will devour them eagerly. The small potatoes from freshly dug hills can also be given them. Stalks of corn and the chippings from the lawn mower may be given in moderation; too much will cause diarrhoea. In short, any green stuff which is accessible will be far better feed for them than grain, to say nothing of the economy of it. Don't lament if they stop laying during the period; the substance which would otherwise form the egg goes to make up the feathers. If a hen has such a drain upon the system while moulting, she is bound to stop laying while through that period and at the time eggs are greatly in demand. April-hatched chicks usually begin to moult in July of the following year, and as it takes them three months to get their new feathers, the necessity of early hatching chicks must be impressed upon those who raise eggs for market. The hen house should be cool at night, well ventilated but free from draughts. An abundance of fresh water should be given, into which put a small lump of bromine. Ample means of dusting in dry dust entirely free from any droppings should be placed in every pen. A small portion of powdered charcoal may be put into their morning feed of bran and middling occasionally. If all these details are observed and the fowls considered, the period of moulting will be much shortened. —*American Agriculturist* for November.

The Bargain House of the State. Newark Bee Hive. The largest and most popular school in the country. Course of study combines theory with practice by a system of business transactions involving real business. Batches of graduates assisted in situations. The course and method illustrated. Catalogue mailed on application. H. COLEMAN, Principal.

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